

To Be A Slayer: Chapter Three

by Charisma

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Summary: Ever wondered what Lejla's house looks like??? 'course you have!

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Chapter 3

It had reached sunset, Lejla's favourite part of the day. Where light and dark mix to produce one. Granted she liked the sunshine and getting her coffee coloured tan only made it better, but as much as her skin darkened it almost felt prickly - almost painful, but not quite. Lejla liked the darkness. It was like a gentle relaxation period. Her full body cotton wool.

Lejla walked from her front door, after collecting the daily mail, to the split level lounge-kitchen area. Although it was small, it was still modern. Minimalistic perhaps, but cosy all the same. The lounge walls were a matt daffodil white, and the floors made of pine. The kitchen, however, was a totally different story in that it was a deep shade of blood red. It appeared rag-rolled to give the impression of fluidity. It was blatantly obvious that Lejla did not go in for the 'magnolia' look.

Lejla crossed the hard wood flooring and went to the giant refrigerator in the corner of the room. From which she pulled a clear plastic container. Lejla poured herself a tall glass of the cool scarlet liquid and set it down on the counter. It could have easily been tomato juice. But it wasn'tâ€|â€|â€|..

The place Lejla lived in seemed to be some type of low-level apartment. Not quite as low as Angel's, but nevertheless, still low. It was relatively spartan too, a style with which Angel was familiar. She had photographs of herself and an older, more distinguished man,

presumably her father, and a drawing of an exotic looking woman, placed on an empty coffee table in the front corner of the room by the door. There was also a television set, a VCR, hifi and a pale cream velvet couch in the lounge.

Lejla wandered past the stylish metal island in her kitchen carrying her glass. She went into the bedroom, where she proceeded to choose the ideal outfit for her outing to the Bronze. Her room was as minimalistic as the lounge and kitchen before, with only a low king-sized bed in the middle, covered in black sheets, surrounded by blue, very cold looking, washed walls. It created a dark atmosphere in the room. That was until she turned on the ceiling spot lights. Along one of the walls was a huge slideable mirror behind which she was picking out suitable clothes. Lejla finally decided on a pair of duck grey parallel leg pants and a rose petal pink lycra top, with ¾ length sleeves.

Once showered and dressed, Lejla began to comb her hair into a chignon. She pulled it back into a tight ponytail, wound it and secured it using a wooden pin and a single pink flower at the peak of the chignon. One single lock of her hair crossed her forehead and hung over her left eye. Lejla looked cute, and she knew it. It was 8 o'clock. _Time to paaaaarty_. She thought gleefully. Just before she exited her apartment, Lejla slipped on a pair of grey-ish sandals covered in diamondt~ detailing.

Lejla locked the door and headed to the bronze following Cordelia's 'It's in the good part of town' route.

End
file.